

Please Don't Eat Me

[ENG TRANS] 請不要吃掉我 BY 好餓哦

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Synopsis

A little mouse who thought he would get eaten finally eats the snake that has been hankering after him.

As for what he used to eat with? You know and I know—ho ho ho~ *crow-like cackling*

Ding! The elevator door slid open and Di Xiaoshu peered into the elevator. Of course, he *just happened* to be in there again.

“Go-good day, Mr. Ling,” Di Xiaoshu stuttered a greeting before going to a spot farthest away from him, trembling as he stood there.

Actually, what he wanted to say instead of “Good day” was, “Hey man! How old are you?!”

Their consecutive “coincidental” meetings in the elevator recently had been extremely hard on Di Xiaoshu’s fragile mind.

And he—Mr. Ling—was leering at him shaking like a leaf and even seemed to be...enjoying it.

“How was work today, Xiaoshu?” He smiled.

“It-it was okay....” *Psh! Don’t act all Mister-Nice-Guy with me! It’s all crocodile tears! No, wait! It’s all snake tears! QAQ*

“Are you gonna make cookies again tonight~?” Mr. Ling took a step and flanked Di Xiaoshu.

Poor Di Xiaoshu shrunk into the corner of the elevator, head bowed in fear. “Yea...I will....” *This elevator is so slow~ (>_<。)\ Hurry up!!*

“Then...please make some for me, too!”

“O-okay....” *You pig—snake—I’ll definitely offer tribute...as long as...as long as you don’t eat me.*
T^T

Consequently, after a long day at work, Di Xiaoshu still had to bake cookies and offer them up to Mr. Neighbour who lived across the hall.

It didn’t seem like this exploitation had ever ceased since the day he moved here.

Di Xiaoshu was in a very good mood that day. Everything had gone well after university graduation. He had found an ideal job and an ideal home soon after.

He decided to bake cookies for his neighbours on the day he moved in.

Baking was something he was good at and a hobby of his as well. He never really enjoyed sports, despite being a guy. Instead, he liked baking and the sorts. In addition, due to his *nature*, he really liked eating small, chewable treats.

Knock, knock, knock. The first neighbour opened their door. “Hello. I’m Di. I just moved in next door. I made this myself. I hope you like it!”

Di Xiaoshu was slim. His petite face was bright and he had the young air of a student. He would always give off—hmm, how would one put it? Anyway, ever since high school, girls would always go into motherly-doting-mode whenever they saw him and pinch his cheeks while saying stuff like “He’s so cute and adorable and cuddly!”

The cookie delivery had been a success. To the left was a student living by herself. To the right was a family of three. Then it was time for the one across the hall.

He knocked three times just as he had done previously.

The door opened.

“Hello! I....” His smile instantly froze when he saw the tall, tough-looking man standing in the doorframe.

Thud! The cookie basket dropped on the ground. Di Xiaoshu turned tail and fled back to his room, not forgetting to lock the door with trembling hands.

“Aahhh...hahhhhh...phewww....” A pale-faced Di Xiaoshu leaned against the door, rubbing his chest. His heart was still beating wildly.

I’m so screwed!!! TAT

Aside from being an obedient son, a good student and a young cooking-enthusiast, Di Xiaoshu had another identity—Mauzhertz.

It was a gene that ran in the family.

Mauzhertz could be considered to be some sort of demon but they usually kept to the rules and didn’t look any different from the human beings around them, other than the fact that they could be a bit of a scaredy-cat. Normal people usually didn’t discover their identities.

When faced with other demonic beings, however, their identities were right out in the open, as was the case with that man.

Di Xiaoshu rubbed his eyes aggrievedly. *Why...did it have to be...a snake demon?*

Lausenschlange: snake demon, aggressive and hostile by nature. It didn’t take much to recognize that they were natural enemies of Mauzhertz.

There weren’t many of them: at least Di Xiaoshu had never seen one. They had only appeared in bedtime stories and his parents’ warnings. Also, along with the advancement of society, Lausenschlange probably weren’t recklessly eating other creatures up as they did a few centuries ago.

But still, they lived way too close to each other. Why would a Lausenschlange miss out on a yummy meal right across the hall?

Di Xiaoshu squatted by the door, hugging his quivering body with his arms. His mind was blank.

He thought of the man he had just seen. It seemed like he had just gotten off work. He still had on his tuxedo and his hair was styled perfectly. He was *the* image of elite.

Lausenschlange, unlike the Mauzhertz, were a very strong group. They excelled, physically and mentally, and were ambitious, goal-oriented and decisive. Many of them were also very cruel and relentless so many of them were powerful upperclassmen.

But...as a demonic being, social status could not satisfy their true needs.

Di Xiaoshu thought to himself: A snake will never lose its scales¹ no matter how proper it may appear to be.

Thus, the neighbourly lives of the Lausenschlange and Mauzhertz began on Di Xiaoshu's sleepless first night.

The next morning, Di Xiaoshu lay on his side on his bed, watching and waiting for his alarm to ring.

He didn't get a wink of sleep. He touched the dark circles under his eyes and heaved a sigh.

He thought about a lot last night. *Maybe I should tell Dad and Mom that I love them. Maybe I should confess to my crush in university. Maybe I should seriously thank all the people who've helped me....* In the end, he got nowhere.

So he decided with his drowsy mind that morning to head to work first and worry about the rest later. He had made it through the night already anyway.

Di Xiaoshu cautiously peeked out the peephole before leaving.

All clear. Yes! > <

He had just opened the door and gotten ready to sprint out of the complex when he tripped on a basket in front of the door.

What's this? It only took him a moment before recognizing it as the basket he had dropped in front of the neighbour's door.

The cookies inside were all gone but, instead, there was a note.

"The cookies were delicious. Thank you."

The cookies were delicious so...that means I'm next, doesn't it? QAQ

Di Xiaoshu went to work with his head hanging low.

However, things didn't turn out exactly the way he had thought it would.

Mr. Lausenschlange didn't gobble him up right away but instead—rather than calling it "being friends"—Di Xiaoshu felt he was being ordered around like a servant more than anything.

Soon after the note, Mr. Lausenschlange came a-knocking.

Di Xiaoshu had to open up with the Man Upstairs at his door. Despite breaking out in cold sweat just from peeping through the peephole, he could only brace himself and open the door.

In all honesty, Di Xiaoshu had already written out his will and stuffed it under his pillow, yet Mr. Lausenschlange came for...more cookies?

"Coo-cookies?"

"Yeah, cookies. Could you?" Mr. Lausenschlange smiled politely and looked a bit...shy?!?!

What happened to that stony-faced man I saw the other day???

"Y-y-y-you don't wanna eat me? Ah, I-I mean...you wanna eat my cookies?"

"Uh-huh."

"I-I don't have any here...but if I make them now...I'll get them to you in the afternoon...is that okay?" Di Xiaoshu looked at him with puppy eyes.

"I'll be waiting then!"

And that is how Di Xiaoshu began his career as a manual labourer, with Mr. Lausenschlange asking for food every other day.

Then they started to chat about other topics besides from cookies. For example, Di Xiaoshu found out that Mr. Lausenschlange's name was Ling She and that he worked for an investment bank and only recently got transferred to headquarters here.

Needless to say, it was all small talk in the halls or elevator, nothing particularly serious, and the most crucial topic—their identity as demons—had never been brought to the table despite both of them knowing very well.

As a result, Di Xiaoshu never once felt at ease despite getting by unscathed for a few weeks.

Every time he saw Ling She lick his lips or lift his hand, he would recoil out of instinct, as if he was going to be eaten any minute.

And thinking back to the playful expression on Ling She's face every time he saw him made Di Xiaoshu furious but terrified at the same time.

Many Lausenschlange liked to play with their prey.

You could even say that they didn't enjoy the hunt, but the act of waiting for the right moment to poison or injure their prey, and then leisurely trailing behind them as they dragged their paralyzed bodies to their own deaths.

Di Xiaoshu felt he must have fallen into Ling She's long-term plan of toying with his prey. ㄗ

ㄗ

Thinking back to the curvature of Ling She's arms that one time he folded up his shirt sleeves, Di Xiaoshu felt that he had zero hope of escaping.

He had signed a one-year contract for the house and the fine was very high. It was too late to find another place now.

He didn't want to ask for help from friends or family because most of them were also Mauzhertz. If they got involved....

He could only compliantly fulfill Ling She's requests and live without knowing if there would be another tomorrow.

¹ Parallel reference to "A leopard will never lose its spots."

Di Xiaoshu felt that the 30 seconds that he spent with Ling She in the elevator every day would always be rated as “the 30 seconds in a day with the most cold sweat,” “the 30 seconds in a day with the wobbliest legs,” “the most gutless 30 seconds of the day,” etcetera.

The ranking of these 30 seconds was irreplaceable even though he got chewed out by his boss today at the office because of a mistake.

“Go-good day, Mr. Ling.”

Although Di Xiaoshu was already fairly used to these coincidences that occurred every day—honestly speaking—sometimes he just wanted to say “Screw it” and climb eighteen flights of stairs home even though Ling She could easily hunt him down by crossing the hall and knocking on his door.

“Was it crowded today too, Xiaoshu?” Ling She still had on a mask of kindness as he closed in on Di Xiaoshu, forcing him in to the corner.

“Yeah...a little.” Di Xiaoshu rode the subway to and from work. The might of the subway rush hour should not be underestimated: his clothes were always a mess and damp from sweat by the time he got home.

“Well, I told you, if it gets too crowded...I could go pick you up every day.” His husky voice was very enticing. He gracefully wiped away the sweat on Di Xiaoshu’s temples.

But this just made Di Xiaoshu even more uneasy. “O-oh, no. I couldn’t make you do that, Mr. Ling. Just forget about it.”

“Really, Xiaoshu, you’re always so polite with me.” Ling She generously stepped back after squeezing his face.

Just as Di Xiaoshu had caught his breath....

“Oh yeah. Xiaoshu, could you prepare dinner for me?”

Pre-prepare me for dinner?!?!?!?

Di Xiaoshu paled and stooped down into a ball. “N-no! Mi-mister Ling, I-I’m really not tasty....I-I’ll do anything you want me to do but...waaaaahhhhhh...I’m really...not tasty...I still have lots of...things I want to do...waaaaahhhhhh...so I’m begging you, d-don’t....”

“What’re you saying, Xiaoshu?” Ling She crouched down in front of him and wiped away his tears. “I was just asking, ‘Could you prepare dinner for me?’ Why did you get all worked up?”

“P-prepare dinner for you?” *Not prepare me for dinner?!*

“Yeah...I know it might be asking for too much but there are always these wonderful smells coming from your house at night.” He chuckled shyly. “I haven’t had any homemade food since I left home. I’m sick of all the takeout food I’ve been eating, so I thought maybe....”

“You...don’t know how to cook?” Di Xiaoshu said as he wiped his face embarrassingly.

“Yeah, that’s right.... So could you?”

Di Xiaoshu looked at the cold-blooded animal in front of him who had a cute yet shy mask on and considered the outcomes if he were to refuse, finally nodding in acceptance.

Di Xiaoshu went home to take a shower first and changed into his Hamtaro T-shirt and indoor cotton pants, feeling all refreshed before getting started on the tribute meal.

Ling She’s request might have been more or less unreasonable for a neighbour but Di Xiaoshu wasn’t about to neglect it, paying much more attention than he usually did, not a pinch more or less. Ultimately, he was afraid of the almighty lord from across the hall slamming the table after taking a bite of his food, exclaiming: “This tastes horrible! I’ll eat you instead!”

Di Xiaoshu separated the food into two after it was done and only felt it was a worthy tribute after placing Ling She’s portion on a pretty plate he had bought before.

“Thank you.” Ling She beamed as he took the plate.

If it were anyone else, they would probably go googly-eyes on him but for some reason when Di Xiaoshu saw him smiling like that he felt his leg muscles tensing up.

“Yo-you’re welcome....Um, so...see you....” Di Xiaoshu mumbled. Just when he wanted to flee back to his house, Ling She grabbed him by the arm.

Before he peed himself, however, he heard Ling She saying, “Stay and eat with me, Xiaoshu. It’s awfully lonely by myself,” and the likes.

Di Xiaoshu felt that he needed to get his ears checked....

He looked at the 6-feet tall man, tux and hair still perfectly in place. Seeing a macho + elite man acting all cute was just....

Di Xiaoshu’s inner self went off on a rant but he obviously didn’t have the guts, so he stayed behind like a good boy and ate dinner with him.

As they always say “three times the charm.” It became almost natural for Ling She to sponge dinner off of Di Xiaoshu. Di Xiaoshu would always get dragged into the snake’s den for dinner as long as Ling She didn’t have overtime or business dinners.

“You cook so well, Xiaoshu!”

“Xiaoshu, I wanna have bullfrog today~”

“Xiaoshu, I wanna have blander foods these days. My throat’s not feeling well.”

“Oh, don’t call me Mr. Ling~ It’s so standoffish~”

All Di Xiaoshu could do in response to all his overly intimate, thick-skinned and sometimes even cute behaviours was to remain silent while a bead of sweat dripped down his face.

“I knew it. That guy doesn’t think of me as friend. I’m more like a servant who he’s playing with in the meantime.”

Another sleepless night. Little Di Xiaoshu was quietly complaining while nibbling on the edge of his blanket like a shojo², wrapped in his blankets.

“Whatever...it’s good enough I’m not hurt...”

But really, his real concerns didn’t stop there.

Aside from the flippant attitude, Ling She’s physical contact also made Di Xiaoshu furious beyond description.

With that said, we must backtrack to the aftermath of the “food delivery.”

Di Xiaoshu was too scared to even look at Ling She when the “dining together” first began and only kept his head down and shovelled food down his throat.

Ling She would talk to him and he would reply “mhm” or “yes” or some other short responses only when necessary.

In all honesty, Di Xiaoshu just wanted to put a recorder on repeat beside him: “That’s so true, Mr. Ling!” “Long live Mr. Ling!”

Eating dinner with him was like the episode-long-version of the nightmare on the elevator!!

Yet, despite the fact Ling She was Di Xiaoshu’s natural enemy, this thing called time and adaptation worked its magic and soon Di Xiaoshu became brave enough to talk to Ling She.

He was still quite stiff but the longing and inviting face Ling She had on made him less wary.

Of course, that was when things started heading in a weird direction.

Maybe he had been behaving too well or something, but one day Ling She actually invited him to stay for a movie.

Not knowing how to refuse, Di Xiaoshu quietly took a seat on the living room sofa just like how they had taught him in elementary school.

The lights dimmed and the opening theme began to play.

Di Xiaoshu watched intently.

But then as the movie went on, Ling She started to edge over from the other end of the sofa....

Soon the two were right up against each other.

Ling She put his arm around his shoulder and pinched his cheeks. “Your skin’s so nice....”

What good mood. What a seductive, husky voice. However, Di Xiaoshu was shaking like a leaf at the end of the sofa.

So I’m actually his popcorn??!!! T__T

Of course not.

Ling She wasn’t going to bite down just yet.

After getting out of that alive, Di Xiaoshu was faced with even scarier nightmares.

The TV time after dinner every day was a given. Afterwards, Ling She even got Di Xiaoshu to cook at his house, saying how it had “the feeling of home.”

The first time he went over to cook, he was minding his own business in the kitchen, flipping and stirring the food before him.

When suddenly a pair of strong arms wrapped itself around his waist and brought along with it the unique, coolness of that man that enveloped him from behind.

“...!” Di Xiaoshu, thinking it was an attack, instantly froze in fear.

But, unexpectedly, the man behind him stuck his face behind his ear and started sniffing.

“...smell so good...Xiaoshu, did you take a shower when you went home?”

“...ye...yeah....” He was still as stiff as a board.

“Kay...thanks for cooking, I’ll be waiting outside!” Ling Shu gently patted his head and strolled out the kitchen, leaving behind a little mouse on the verge of tears.

All in all, their physical contact had been increasing.

Patting his head, hugging and snuggling, wiping off rice stuck on his face, pulling him over during TV time to squeeze his cheeks and rub his ears....

Di Xiaoshu felt that this was just not good. What was more not good was the fact he didn’t hate it.

He was scared witless the first few times but after he got used to it...it seemed his touches weren’t all that frightening. It was a bit cool to the touch and wasn’t all that bad...and those muscular arms of his didn’t seem so threatening anymore. On the contrary, they seemed...reliable?

No way!!! > <

He shook his head, rejecting these thoughts of his.

He must have been poisoned by...some new, modern version of snake venom....

² Japanese anime/manga term for ‘young girl.’

“Ling-Ling She, erm, so how does fruit salad sound today?” Di Xiaoshu walked into Ling She’s house—obviously very familiar with it—with a bag of ingredients in hand.

Ling She would leave the door open after coming home from work so he could come in.

His gut was still malnourished despite his familiarity with the place. He didn’t have the courage to look Ling She straight in the eye but he often did have the urge to fall on his knees. He still had to report the menu of the night to the emperor.

Sometimes he might have gotten a bit carried away with chatting, but it did not feel good at all having the “Ah...today might just be my last day...TvT” feeling whenever he went over to Ling She’s house.

“But Xiaoshu...you know I don’t like sweets...” Ling She strode over and took the bag from Di Xiaoshu’s arms. Di Xiaoshu spotted pouting lips approximately at an angle of elevation of 30°.

His lips jerked involuntarily. “But...you said your throat wasn’t feeling good a couple days ago. It’s been dry lately so I thought you should eat more pears and stuff.... I won’t make it very sweet, okay?”

“Xiaoshu...you’re so good to me.”

Di Xiaoshu looked up and for some reason seeing Ling She’s suddenly serious expression with lips slightly curved in an attractive shape made his heart skip a beat.

“Th-then I’m gonna get started!”

Ling She watched as the little mouse scurried into the kitchen and—mhm, how should I put it—that big snake tail of his wagged back and forth in a frenzy.

Di Xiaoshu cut the fruits up into nice bite-size pieces and stacked them nicely in a big bowl. He got the salad sauce he had made especially for this out from the fridge and dumped a huge blob onto it.

Just as he was about to start mixing, he got trapped around his waist again....

“Ling She, I-I’m not done yet.” Di Xiaoshu’s face started to blush and he wiggled a bit.

Although he felt that he had gotten more and more used to these “sneak attacks” of Ling She’s recently at least to the point he wasn’t sweating and shaking anymore, for some reason the nervousness hadn’t disappeared and his heart beat faster every time.

This time, however, Ling She didn’t rush him in that faux-cute voice of his while saying stuff like “Xiaoshu, I’m hungry,” but instead just quietly stood there with his arms around Di Xiaoshu.

“W-what’s up?” Di Xiaoshu’s heart was beating louder and louder as he got more and more unsettled.

Ling She’s breaths got closer and closer to his ears, making them completely flushed. He wanted to evade it but he was still confined.

"Hey...ah!"

Ling She suddenly licked his ear. He dropped everything in his hands out of shock and started struggling out of instinct.

Ling She wasn't about to let him off the hook. He pressed down on his shoulder with one hand and pulled him even closer to himself by the waist with the other.

"Mmmm...le-let go...." Ling She's tongue was playing with his ear, even sucking and gnawing on his earlobe from time to time.

S-so I guess I'm still gonna get eaten...!!! QAQ

Is today gonna be my last day???? ; ≧ Ⅲ ≦ ;

Di Xiaoshu despaired but was scared stiff so he stayed rigid in Ling She's confinement.

His back was stuck against the solid pectorals of Ling She's chest. Ling She's lips slowly moved to the left side of his neck and he started sniffing. Di Xiaoshu's blood was flowing right underneath this thin layer of skin....

Ling She stuck his tongue out and started licking and sucking.

Di Xiaoshu couldn't help thinking that Ling She was going to take a big bite right about now....

"...mmnnmm...." He started to whimper like the small rodent he was.

Ling She chuckled and flipped him around to face him. He squeezed his cheeks and said, "Relax~"

"...." You're the cutting board while I'm the poultry; of course you're relaxed T__T

Ling She cradled Di Xiaoshu's face in his hands and started to kiss him gently.

Di Xiaoshu only felt his tongue being constantly sucked on.

"...mmnnn, nghhhh!" Is he gonna bite it off?? Or just rip it right out?? ≧ 𐄂 ≦ It's gonna hurt so much either way!!!

Ling She kept sucking and licking on his tongue for a long time without biting down. A trace of confusion went through Di Xiaoshu's mind.

By the time the kiss was finally over, Di Xiaoshu was both flustered and panicky, not to mention red from a lack of air.

Ling She picked him up from the waist and sat him down on the counter before kissing him again.

His indecent hands trailed lower as he kissed...finally reaching under Di Xiaoshu's t-shirt and caressing his slim waist and back.

Then, he finally couldn't take it anymore. He pulled the t-shirt up and licked his perky nipples.

Di Xiaoshu was thinking: *Is he gonna skip straight to gouging my heart out > < ?!*

After some more biting, Ling She moved downwards and started sucking and kissing his cute belly button.

Di Xiaoshu was thinking: *Are my intestines gonna be his appetizers > < ?!*

.....

This continued for quite a while. Di Xiaoshu was quivering as he watched Ling She gnawing him all over the place but not actually biting down, and was so terror-stricken he almost peed his pants.

Ling She took Di Xiaoshu's underwear off along with his cotton pants. It was a breeze since his Xiaoshu was just so obedient and compliant...but the pink little guy still all shrunken up.

He chuckled wryly. "Xiaoshu...am I really that bad at this?"

Di Xiaoshu's brain was all jumbled up and didn't know what Ling She was saying at all. The next thing he knew, Ling She ate up his little peewee!!!

"Ummf!!" Di Xiaoshu grunted out of shock and fear.

What the heck? He's gonna start eating from THAT place...?! So gory!!! So perverted!!! Q Ⅲ Q

He might have been really scared at first but, he couldn't help but react having his thing sucked, and his body started heating up.

Ling She's warm mouth engulfed him; his agile tongue brushed him all over and snuck over to his pee hole from time to time.

"Unhh...waa...d-don't do that...." Very soon, Di Xiaoshu started begging for mercy while pushing feebly on Ling She's head and twisting his waist uncomfortably.

"You feel good?" Ling She looked up and flashed him a devious smile while rubbing a certain wet place down there.

Di Xiaoshu couldn't even get a word out; he lowered his eyes in fear while biting on his lips and shaking his head.

Too bad the reaction of his lower half wasn't persuasive at all. Ling She moved up and kissed his flushed cheeks before going back at it down that.

Ling She kept fondling his balls and gooch while blowing him, making him soft to the bones. He spread his legs open on his own accord and even unintentionally thrust his hips forward trying to get it deeper into Ling She's mouth.

"Nghhh...no more. So goooood...ah-nn-ahh...." Di Xiaoshu was laying face-up on the kitchen counter, hands hiding his bright-red face with his legs hooked on Ling She's shoulders, while his lower half squirmed helplessly. He just looked so vulnerable.

Seeing the erotic Di Xiaoshu, Ling She reached down for his ass crack with a finger and pressed on his hole with just the right pressure, making him shudder.

Ling She was skillful to begin with so it didn't take long to make a pure little virgin like Di Xiaoshu shoot his load.

As he was climaxing, Di Xiaoshu faintly felt Ling She swallowing his thing and thought: *So his plan was actually to juice me...and then eat me up....*

While Di Xiaoshu was still giddy, Ling She picked him up by the butt and shuffled towards the bedroom.

Di Xiaoshu's butt was perky and voluptuous and his skin was great too. Ling She couldn't help but knead it a couple of times after putting his hands on. The lewd act made Di Xiaoshu mewl in his hazy state but he could only hold on to Ling She's neck so he wouldn't fall down.

Once they got to the bedroom, Ling She tossed him onto the large, soft bed. Di Xiaoshu propped himself up and looked at him with unfocused eyes, a tousled head of hair, his t-shirt folded up to his chest and nothing on his lower half, a pair of fair legs spread open weakly yet naturally.

Ling She's inner beast was woken in an instant. He leapt over, held his head and gnawed on his face for quite a while.

Di Xiaoshu was running out of oxygen and started pushing on Ling She's chest. As he pushed a few more times, he realised he was touching bare skin! Di Xiaoshu opened his eyes with difficulty and saw that Ling She had taken off his clothes already. He was quite envious of those wide shoulders, slender waist and powerful, sculpted muscles.

...wait a second.

"...ah! You!!! You wanna...!!!" The thick-headed Di Xiaoshu had only just realised Ling She's true intention. He stared wide-eyed and pointed at Ling She disbelievingly.

"Yup. I'm gonna do you~" Ling She flashed a crooked smile and looked down from above. "Are you scared now?"

Di Xiaoshu gulped so hard he heard it himself.

Indeed, he was scared. He had only held hands and hugged the girls he had dated so being topped by a man was something for which he wasn't at all prepared.

"N-no...I don't wanna...." He shook his head and kept backing away like a poor, frightened animal.

Ling She just smiled and didn't waste another moment. He pushed Di Xiaoshu on the chest, almost pressing him against the bed board, and coaxed, "Xiaoshu, spread your legs...if not, you know what I'm gonna do, right?"

It's a blatant threat coming from his natural enemy.

Di Xiaoshu was already petrified to begin with and now that he could almost see his life flashing before his eyes. He started trembling even more because one wrong move and he might just get devoured on the spot.

So he wriggled his legs open a tiny bit.

Seeing Di Xiaoshu's face flushed with embarrassment with his aggrieved puppy eyes and chewed lips, Ling She's sadist nature could not be held back any more. He reached over and started to massage his perky ass obscenely. "Spread your legs more. Stick your butt up."

Di Xiaoshu glared at him both shockingly and angrily.

He had never thought of Ling She as a good person, per se, but Ling She usually treated him fairly well. He would buy apricots or cashews and the likes for him after knowing he liked eating nuts. He wouldn't make him cook if he was too tired after work and ordered yummy takeout for both of them instead. The time he spent with Ling She could be kind of terrifying at times but...but....

But he couldn't believe that Ling She was actually this crooked.

He spread his legs and stuck his butt in the air while fat drops of tears rolled down his cheeks.

Seeing that, Ling She also knew he stepped a bit over the lines. He just wanted to tease him but he regretted it when he saw his poor, pitiful expression.

Ling She quickly planted light kisses of reassurance on his cheeks while his hand comforted his genitals. "Xiaoshu, be a good boy. Don't cry. I'll make you feel good...alright? C'mon...."

Ling She kept kissing his as a distraction while he squeezed some lube onto his hand and slid into Di Xiaoshu's body.

Honestly speaking, Ling She had never even considered virgin boys before he met Di Xiaoshu, but now he simply adored every one of Di Xiaoshu's innocent reactions: his nervous contractions and shuddering thighs every time he entered him, his look of disbelief and ecstasy when he found that spot inside him, and his body that was so sensitive it looked as if it was about to climax any minute after only getting fondled for a bit.

"Mnnn...stop.... No more...there...." Di Xiaoshu sniffed.

Two very important body parts of his were in Ling She's hands, one getting really, really hard and another getting really, really soft.

"Hmm? Where? Is it...here?" Ling She rubbed on the head of his member with a fleshy finger. "Or is it...here?" He said as he pressed on his prostate.

"Uunnnhh. Ahhh! No more...hahhh...mmnnn...har-harder...there...mnn...." Di Xiaoshu whined as he stuck his ass even higher. Needless to say what he was referring to.

It wasn't that Ling She wanted to boast or anything but he was quite good at this kind of thing. He had all his bottoms coming back for more.

He smirked as he pulled out his three fingers. "There's something else that'll make you feel even better...Do you want it, Xiaoshu?"

"Y-yes..." Di Xiaoshu's eyes were red as he helplessly rubbed against the bed sheet to help with the emptiness in his behind.

Ling She unfastened his pants and took out his erect penis, sticking it closely against Di Xiaoshu's member that was wet from his own precum.

But Di Xiaoshu jumped up from the bed out of shock.

"What the hell is that?!?! Σ(° Д ° ||) *It's huge! How is that even possible? Does race really make that much of a difference??*

Di Xiaoshu's reaction made Ling She guffaw. He kissed his temple and said, "Don't worry, Xiaoshu. It'll make you feel real good~"

Di Xiaoshu shook his head furiously with a "Bullshit!" expression.

But it was too late.

Ling She took hold of his thighs, raised them up and opened to the side, completely uncovering that vulnerable but hungry entrance.

"Gen-gentle...." Di Xiaoshu clung onto the sheets with an expression that was adorable beyond belief.

Ling She couldn't bear it and hugged and kissed him again to get him to relax while rubbing his stick against Di Xiaoshu's sensitive hole, making it contract repeatedly.

Only then did he find the heart to stick it in.

Di Xiaoshu felt like he was being torn open by a hard rod. He clutched Ling She's shoulders because of the throbbing pain from his bottom. He was lucky that Ling She prepared him fairly well so he wasn't hurt.

Ling She had never been a thoughtful person. He would tease his partners most likely to watch them act all slutty and flustered. He would do foreplay just so they could cooperate later on. Therefore, he only acted in his own interest after sticking it in.

He was fortunate enough that he was so naturally gifted down there that he didn't need to work to make his bottoms climax.

Yet seeing Di Xiaoshu's furrowed brows suddenly made him want to consider his feelings.

He didn't start screwing right away but bore with the uncontrollable urges Di Xiaoshu's tight hole brought him, gently poking forward while stroking him off.

He couldn't help but kiss Di Xiaoshu's sweat-soaked hairline, his wrinkled brows and tear-stricken cheeks.

For the first time while having sex, he felt fulfillment when Di Xiaoshu hung onto his shoulders and unknowingly called out his name.

And when Di Xiaoshu started rushing him softly, "Faster," and asking him to go harder while hooking his legs around his waist, Ling She couldn't and didn't have to wait any longer.

"Uhhh, uhhh, there...so sore.... Ah, stop pushing...mnnn...uhnnahh, so good...."

Ling She kept hitting his sensitive spot to the point that Di Xiaoshu almost came. Di Xiaoshu felt a sudden urge to pee. "Really, no more...it's...coming out...ahhhh."

He tried to push Ling She away but Ling She grabbed his hands and restrained them on the bed board.

Confused, Di Xiaoshu opened his eyes only to see not Ling She's usual playful expression but a sweaty, lustful face earnestly looking at him right up close.

Amid the intense pleasure and his tangled thoughts, Di Xiaoshu somehow, for some reason, got the guts to sit up and kiss him.

This appeared to have ignited something within Ling She. He sealed his lips on his and thrust his hips even faster, making Di Xiaoshu moan louder uncontrollably.

Di Xiaoshu's genitals ended up in Ling She's hands again. He shakily reached his climax with simultaneous stimulation from the front and back and fell into a deep slumber.

It was dinnertime when they were screwing. Di Xiaoshu crashed right after doing it without eating dinner. Ling She was considerate enough that he only did it once but that was enough to make Di Xiaoshu sleep a long time.

Afterwards, Ling She grabbed some food and went to sleep with Di Xiaoshu in his arms.

Ling She was woken up by the noise beside him the next day around daybreak.

He opened his eyes and saw a dark, blurry room. He reached over and turned on the lights. When he turned around he saw Di Xiaoshu standing by the bed, hair messy, body partly clothed, eyes still red while watching him with a panic-stricken expression. He looked completely like a criminal getting caught on the run: he cut an extremely sorry figure.

"What's wrong, Xiaoshu? Why're you leaving?" Ling She's mind was still a bit hazy since he had just woken up. He shuffled over and hugged Di Xiaoshu's fair, slender legs without much thought and started whining, "Come snuggle some more~"

Di Xiaoshu stayed quiet for two seconds before suddenly rage quitting. He shoved Ling She away and even whipped him once with his pajama pants. "Ling! She!" He yelled hoarsely.

"..." This was the first time that his dear Xiaoshu had called his name so loudly. His drowsiness quickly went away and he sat up gazing at the little guy who was slightly trembling. "What's wrong?"

"I know your kind's really strong and it's our own damn faults for getting eaten by you." Di Xiaoshu seemed really mad, his fists tightly drawn, but his voice betrayed him and made him seem so pitiful and sad. "But you can't just play me like that!!"

"I-."

"Me first! You made me cook for you and bake you cookies. I could kind of think of it as neighbourly love...bu-but, but you...!"

"Xiaoshu, I-."

"You can't just play me like that!" Di Xiaoshu couldn't be loud even when he was mad. "C-come eat me if you wanna! I-I can't beat you b-but I have dignity too! Come eat me! So what?! Come eat me! I'm not afraid of you!!" He kept saying he wasn't afraid but he was quaking in his boots and tears were brimming in his big eyes.

Ling She had only seen Di Xiaoshu's nice and obedient side so he wasn't too sure how to handle him now that Di Xiaoshu's hackles were all puffed up.

He went over and took the frail man in to his arms, suppressing his struggles and weak punches and kicks. "Why would you think that, Xiaoshu? It's 'cause I...I like you."

Di Xiaoshu stopped dead in his tracks hearing that.

Then Ling She kept going. "I know I've been a bit...too much and I was over the lines yesterday, as well. I mean you didn't see it coming at all. But...did you think I was playing with you, teasing you the whole time?"

"..." Di Xiaoshu stayed quiet.

Ling She suddenly took his face in his hands and gazed intently at him. “Xiaoshu...I really do like you. I...even ordered Koshihikari rice from Unonuma, Niigata, Japan for you. I’ll go make some congee with it, okay~ Go sleep some more and you’ll have congee to eat when you wake up.”

“.....!!!!!!” (((;°Д°)))

Hearing the words “Koshihikari rice from Unonuma, Niigata,” Di Xiaoshu’s eyes started twinkling.

He had always had a slight obsession with grains of any kind, let alone this world-renowned super-duper delicious, high-class rice!

It might be hard to understand for the average Joe...but Di Xiaoshu would often look up pictures of this rice and drool in front of the screen!! He had heard that this rice smelled good and was plushy! And that you could have a good meal with just the rice itself!!

But this rice most definitely was the king among all the rices—just one kilo cost about thirty dollars. Di Xiaoshu had only graduated and just found a job so he couldn’t afford to it.

He had only unintentionally mentioned this rice one day to Ling She.

They were eating that day when Ling She suddenly complimented that the rice from his house was especially tasty.

Di Xiaoshu rejoiced and started talking about his research in rice: place of production, brand, and etcetera. He had a lot to talk about when it came to his interests.

Rice was supposed to be a boring topic but Ling She appeared to be quite entertained by it.

A few days later, he gave a brand new imported electrical rice cooker to him, saying it was a gift he received and didn’t have a use for.

He didn’t expect Ling She to still remember the Koshihikari rice he had mentioned that day.

Di Xiaoshu stared at Ling She. His face was a myriad of expressions—what was he going to do???

He didn’t want to miss out on his dream rice.

However, it seemed that once he said yes to the congee he would be saying yes to a few more things along the way....

“What’s wrong, Xiaoshu? Haven’t you wanted it for a long time?” Ling She pushed, not able to stand his silence any longer. Meanwhile he took out the last ace up his sleeves and got out that bag of rice from the bedside!!

“.....” QvQ *Who in this world would have rice in the bedroom!*

Di Xiaoshu fell for his Venus in the end after seeing her before his eyes. “O-okay.”

In that moment, Ling She could almost see the raised hackles nicely lying back down. He patted his head with a smile. "Alright then, you get some more sleep. Good boy...."

Di Xiaoshu snuggled back under the blankets, not forgetting to remind Ling She. "Remember to use purified water, 'kay?"

"Mmkay!"

Di Xiaoshu woke up after two more hours of beauty sleep.

He hadn't eaten last night so his stomach was growling. After he washed up and sat down at the table, he was drooling from seeing the gorgeous congee.

Ling She brought out two sets of utensils from the kitchen and held one set out to him.

His hand stopped midway. "You're not mad at me anymore, right, Xiaoshu?~"

Di Xiaoshu glanced at him, then at the congee. "Nope."

That's why they say 'after the dinner comes the reckoning.'

So Di Xiaoshu fell into Ling She's trap under his temptation.

However you looked at it, Di Xiaoshu was a softie. He wasn't too good at getting mad nor was he too good at staying mad. Since Ling She managed to extinguish his flames of fury that day, Di Xiaoshu hadn't been able to light them again.

But he didn't believe what Ling She had said...that he liked him.

How was that even possible?

He was a Mauzhertz. He was not only soft, but also quite a few levels down from Ling She in the aesthetics department. He didn't have the height or the muscles.

But Ling She, his looks and body didn't even need any more praise and he looked like a character from the first glance, not to mention he was very kind and nice and polite....

Di Xiaoshu often lay in bed these days thinking about Ling She.

He had always thought that he was afraid of Ling She, or even hated him a bit, but all he could come up with were good things.

Then, since Ling She was that good, he definitely wouldn't like him, a useless mouse.

The reason why Ling She would say that...was probably because they lived so close so it'd be easy to get him to cook a meal or two, along with doing some other chores.

"I'm a guy anyway...I've got nothing to lose...." Plus, thinking back to that night, he felt that it wasn't all that bad.

The more he thought the harder it was for him to fall asleep.

To think that an optimist like him would have insomnia T_T.

Di Xiaoshu was sitting at Ling She's dining table with a corn on the cob in hand. Ling She had bought it for him from KFC on the way back home. Because he knew he liked it.

Di Xiaoshu was working hard on it when Ling She suddenly said, "I'm moving, Xiaoshu."

"...mmnn." He couldn't say anything with his mouth stuffed with sweet, juicy corn.

Ling She looked a bit nervous as he went on explaining. "This place...was only supposed to be a transition for me after getting transferred. Now my work says they've found a permanent apartment...so...."

Di Xiaoshu thought to himself: *Sounds about right. Ling She doesn't fit in here at all. Even his car looks like it doesn't belong to the parking lot. Of course he won't be here for long....*

So, all this stuff is about to come to an end right?

That's good though. I wouldn't have to...make dinners for two, though it's easier to cook for two....

I wouldn't have to...bake cookies for him, though it's pretty fun for me....

I wouldn't have to...get dragged to bed by him, though...it feels pretty good....

I wouldn't have to think about whether he likes me or not...but....

He stared at the table, nibbling on the corn a bit at a time, not saying a word.

But his long-time favourite, shiny, buttery, juicy, sweet corn on the cob from KFC didn't taste so good anymore.

Ling She quietly watched as Di Xiaoshu's ears drooped down sadly and then reached over to pat his head. He smiled as he finally asked what he had wanted to ask. "I wanna ask you, Xiaoshu. Do you want to move in with me?"

Di Xiaoshu felt like someone blew life into his dying flames again.

He had never thought he would feel so happy about "moving into a snake den."

END

Smut Extra

Ling She and Di Xiaoshu had recently moved into their new home.

One night, they were lounging on the sofa watching TV as usual. They chatted while watching, Di Xiaoshu encircled in Ling She's arms.

Ling She asked, "How're you finding everything?"

"Great!!" Di Xiaoshu sprung up from his seat with passion and looked to Ling She like ★v★. "I especially like the kitchen here!"

Ling She watched the cute, wife-material boyfriend of his and kissed him by the eyes before bringing him close and softly asking, "Do you like me?"

And of course, Di Xiaoshu's ears reddened. "I do," he replied in barely a whisper, "So do you like me more or the kitchen more?" Ling She further asked.

And Di Xiaoshu replied, "The kitchen!"

Di Xiaoshu wasn't kidding when he said that—the kitchen in this apartment was no other than his dream kitchen!!

He had stayed in the kitchen for a very long time on the day they moved in, snooping around, checking things out.

Not only does the place have good lighting and a spacey layout, everything from the stove and the cupboards to the refrigerator and the oven is part of a dark-coloured series! It's super cool!

And the refrigerator has double doors!

And the dishwasher is huge!

And the oven has so many different functions!

And in front of the oven is a L-shaped island! I'm not sure what I could do with it but, at the same time, I feel I could do anything with it!

....

Di Xiaoshu was a guy who gave his heart to his kitchen to begin with, so how could he not burst out tears of joy when he saw a kitchen like that?

Naturally, he began to daydream about his kitchen after answering Ling She's inadvertent question and completely didn't notice how Ling She's face darkened in an instant.

"I'll go get dessert!" Di Xiaoshu leapt towards Kitchen-chan²'s embrace with his little tail wagging back and forth, oblivious to the change.

The dessert tonight was fruit yogourt, healthy and tasty.

Di Xiaoshu was at the counter mixing the cubes of fruit with the yogourt when someone hugged him from behind.

It was probably an additional trait that carnivores had that allowed Ling She to constantly pop up behind him without a sound.

Unlike other carnivores, however, he didn't eat him after he caught him, but instead he would do...those kinds of things.

Speaking of which, Di Xiaoshu felt that he had really gotten to know the lusty and desirous nature of the snake demons after their relationship advanced to the next level, as well as the essence of 'anytime, anywhere'.

Di Xiaoshu was supposed to be an innocent, good boy who didn't relate those things with anything except the bed, but now that he had been fooling around with Ling She for long enough....

On the sofa where they watch TV after dinner, in the bathroom, in the kitchen, on the dining table, in the car after grocery shopping.... They were all evidence of his long-gone purity.

Di Xiaoshu felt that he wasn't far from becoming "the Mauzhertz that was not eaten but wrung out by a Lausenschlange."

"Wh-what now?" It might have been chemistry or just experience but Di Xiaoshu could sense almost at once the difference between Ling She's sexual advances and his playful teasing.

Ling She sucked on his earlobe and breathed, "I wanna do it."

"B-but we just..." Di Xiaoshu nudged his arm weakly. "At least not in the kitchen." It was too bright, not to mention a bit chilly.

But Ling She replied after a pause, "No, it has to be the kitchen."

"B-but why?"

Di Xiaoshu was resisting a bit but Ling She had already reached for and cupped his crotch, kneading his genitals over his pajama pants a little bit too roughly.

"Mnnn...uhn!" Di Xiaoshu's well-trained body was quick to react, his member coming to full attention. At the same time, he felt a hard rod against his ass crack.

Ling She still had his earlobe in his mouth while one of his hands snuck underneath Di Xiaoshu's t-shirt to play with his nipples and the other hand began pulling down his pants.

Di Xiaoshu grabbed his pants in a panic. "I don't wanna...here. It's too cold."

Ling She slowed down and snickered by Di Xiaoshu's ear as though he thought of some lewd idea.

A shiver ran down Di Xiaoshu's back.

Ling She let go of him for the time being and took out a pair of scissors from the knife rack on the other side of the counter.

"Wh-what're you doing?" Di Xiaoshu retreated in fear.

"Hehe, be a good boy now, Xiaoshu. Don't move~"

Ching! Tsssss! Ching! With that, holes appeared in Di Xiaoshu's pajama pants and underwear, rendering them crotch-less.

Ling She began pressing on his hole as soon as he put the scissors down.

"How could you just...!!" (///呲///)

"This way you won't be cold, right?" Ling She took Di Xiaoshu into his arms again and attempted to squeeze his middle finger into his small hole.

It might have been a little dry...

But the kitchen has always been a place of innovation.

Ling She grabbed the dessert and dabbed his fingers with yogourt. "Xiaoshu, do you like eating yogourt?" He chuckled.

Di Xiaoshu wasn't exactly well-versed in the love game but even he could see what Ling She was planning to do. He furiously shook his head in alarm.

Of course, Ling She turned a blind eye to his resistance and smooched his cheeks. "C'mon, it'll feel good," he persuaded before inserting his finger in along with the yogourt.

The cool yogourt made Di Xiaoshu shudder.

Ling She worked Di Xiaoshu's peewee over his underwear with one hand while preparing him with the other.

His finger went in without any trouble with the aid of the yogourt lube. Soon, he added his index finger and kept rotating and digging and rubbing on Di Xiaoshu's sensitive spot. Di Xiaoshu was the most defenceless with this kind of play; his member was harder than he could bear and even his underwear was wet.

"Ling She...ah-uhn...no more. Stop touching that...." His legs were a bit shaky. "Can't take it...mhmmm."

"Why.... It doesn't feel good?" Ling She asked on purpose.

"Mmmm, I wanna come so bad...." Di Xiaoshu sobbed as he grinded against the hard rod behind him in hopes to please.

And of course, Ling She couldn't take it anymore. He stretched the holes in Di Xiaoshu's pants a bit more, unfastened his own pants and thrust it in.

Di Xiaoshu rested his upper body on the counter, pleasure and shame made him blush as he bore the thrusts from behind.

His clothes were perfectly in place except for the hole in his crotch that was made just to fuck.

At the same time, Ling She's thrusts were making him quiver from pleasure.

Ling She's huge head was rubbing back and forth against his G-spot, making his already-leaking dick shiver even more violently, but the poor little guy was still stuck inside a pair of snug underwear and could only peek its head out from behind the waistband.

“Uhn...the front f-feels so...uhn, ah, Ling She, to-touch it...please.” Di Xiaoshu wanted so badly to masturbate but he was pressed down flat on the counter. All he could do was wiggle around helplessly and beg Ling She for help.

Ling She brought his large hand over and caressed the tip with his palm while stroking the length with his fingers.

“A-ahhh...c-coming!” Soon, he was about to climax. Di Xiaoshu’s eyes lost their focus and his insides were twitching, too.

Ling She was abusing Di Xiaoshu with his left hand while he used his right to hold him tight so that he wouldn’t be entirely on the cold counter.

“Xiaoshu...Xiaoshu...do you like me?” He asked right by Di Xiaoshu’s ear.

“Yeea...I do.... I do...ah-haaa...you hit that place a-again.... There!”

“Do you like me...or...the kitchen?”

“....” Di Xiaoshu kind of sensed the crux of the problem in his woozy state.

“You...mmhmm...I...like you the most. Ahhh...ah...uhnn, uhnn.”

Ling She stayed quiet but began thrusting forward with more power, fucking in the way he liked the best: rough. Every time he pulled out, he brought out milky love juices from Di Xiaoshu’s ass crack, fucking him to a pathetic, pleading state. Di Xiaoshu clung desperately onto the counter because he could barely stand on his legs, and then his body violently convulsed as he came in Ling She’s hand.

Ling She took a breather after Di Xiaoshu climaxed and gently kissed his neck and back.

After seeing him coming back to earth, Ling She slowly pulled out.

The back side of his pants were a complete mess. It was wet, sticky and covered in white patches. Di Xiaoshu’s pink, ravaged hole was contracting behind the cut fabric, pushing more fluids out.

Seeing this, Ling She’s eyes darkened. He swung Di Xiaoshu over his shoulders and strode towards the bedroom to finish what he started....

END

² chan is a suffix placed after names in Japanese to indicate closeness, affection or superiority in age.